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Miscellanea.

THE appearance of the long-expected "Life of Cardinal Newman" brings again into prominence the name of the Venerable Father Dominic of the Mother of God and his relationship with the remarkable subject of this remarkable biography. It is a book which makes somewhat sad reading, and the sadness is not lessened when one reflects that almost coincident with the publication of this official biography, which shows the great convert to have been cast (shall we say?) in a less heroic mould than one had thought, is the arrival in England of the Postulator of the Causes of Passionists in connection with

the Apostolic Process, which, it is hoped, will establish the heroism of the life and virtues of the man whose lot it was to admit Newman "into the One Fold of Christ."

* * * * *

The reflection is deepened somehow by the fact that Father Dominic has suffered a good deal in reputation, in a human sense, by his slight connection with the great Tractarian leader. He is popularly supposed to have borrowed all his light from the mighty luminary within whose orbit he accidentally came. He is generally known, where he is known at all, as "the man who received Newman into the Church"—as if on that depended all his fame. He is spoken of constantly by reviewers and newspaper writers, and persons of that kind, as "the simple Italian," "the simple shepherd of the Appenines," and so forth (always with "simple"): and by one Catholic writer as "a common Italian type which [Newman] must have encountered often enough afterwards." Yet this was hardly the impression he made on Newman, who, if he admits the simplicity, immediately adds "a very sharp, clever man, too," and "gifted with remarkable powers," and is altogether less patronising than the average admirer of Father Dominic.

* * * * *

The truth is there has been too much insistence, for our taste, on this simplicity, and quaintness, and the rest, and it has become slightly nauseating. Greatness is a relative thing, and if we should not dare to compare Father Dominic to the great Oratorian in mental power, we may still take leave to think that those who have written of them since might add a cubit to their intellectual stature and yet not reach the height of "the simple Italian." And anyone who has even a slight acquaintance with the life of this marvellous man, his humble beginnings, his holy ambitions, almost unattainable in their vastness and yet attained by him, his tireless activity, his splendid energy, his powers of organization, his strenuous life though hampered by ill-health, and then turns to the long catalogue of philosophical, theological, and ascetical works which he found time to write, will hardly be at a loss for reasons to agree with us. Had Dominic never received Newman or even met him he would still have been one of the most remarkable men of his day. When Lammenais was at the zenith of his fame, hailed even by those in high places as "the latest Doctor of the Church," the Passionist had discovered the flaw in his philosophy and composed a treatise in refutation of it which was suppressed by his less keen-eyed superiors. The man who did this was scarcely a common type or "simple" in the vulgar sense.

* * * * *

Of his sanctity we need say nothing now. But it seemed opportune to enter a caveat against the opinion of a class of people too common in modern days among whom it seems fashionable to suppose that great sanctity and great science are incompatible things, and that because a man carries a crucifix

in one hand he may not carry the book of knowledge in the other.

* * * * *

A spectacular drama of a quasi-religious character at present being produced in London has given occasion to a rather sharp controversy in the Catholic Press as to its merits and demerits from a religious and moral point of view. Into that controversy, of course, we don't intend to enter. But we were interested by the letter of a correspondent to *The Tablet* keenly defending the play and maintaining at least its possible influence for good. As an instance of what a play of even doubtful morality may do towards the conversion of a sinner, he quotes the following story of Father Ignatius Spencer from Ward's "Life of Wiseman":—"Father Ignatius Spencer . . . received, strange to say, his first strong religious impression from the opera, 'Don Giovanni,' which he witnessed in Paris in 1820. 'The last scene,' he writes, 'represents Don Giovanni seized in the midst of his licentious career by a troupe of devils and hurried down to hell. As I saw this scene I was terrified at my own state. I knew that God, who knew what was within me, must look on me as one in the same class with such as Don Giovanni . . . This holy warning I was to find in an opera-house in Paris.' "

* * * * *

Curious to know the actual impression made on Father Ignatius at the moment when his heart was, so to speak, fresh from the seal, we turned up his diary at the date of his visit to Paris in the year specified, and found the following entry under Oct. 10: ". . . . Dined at Beauvilliers' and went at 7½ to the Italian opera where I with difficulty got a place between two Frenchmen grumbling like anything. They acted 'Don Giovanni,' and it was very well got up. Principals were Monsr. Garcia and Mad. Fodor [?] whom I had never seen. Most enchanting was the music. I had an ice and went to bed." That is all!

* * * * *

True there is a second entry on the same subject in the following month, but just as unemotional: "I dined at Beauvilliers' and then walked about till 7, when I got into the Opera house to see 'Don Giovanni' again: it began at 8 and lasted to 11¼ most delightfully. I then came home through the Palais Royal."

* * * * *

There certainly seems to be grave inconsistency between the account quoted above, and written beyond a doubt by Father Ignatius himself in his autobiography years after the event, and the two accounts given at the time in the diary which enshrines his most secret thoughts: between the enchantment and delight of the actual experience and the terror in the retrospection. We are inclined to think that the account jotted down at the moment is the one which corresponds more precisely with facts. When

men look back through the mists of years, the events of their past lives often assume grotesque, exaggerated, or fanciful forms; the mind's eye is deceived by the distance or the medium, or moulds them in accordance with present moods. We are reminded of Sainte-Beuve's observation upon Lamartine: "The preoccupation with the present which he carries into the past would form an interesting subject for a close study. That is the awkwardness of this kind of Memoirs [Memoirs, it is true, of a very different character from those of Fr. Ignatius—but the remark holds good.] They contain in the main the events of your youth, but reviewed and recounted with your present feelings: or perhaps they are your sentiments at the time but disguised under the colours of the present. One knows not where is the true, where is the false: you do not know it yourself . . ." Father Ignatius was at the time of his experience still a Protestant, and a young man of the world. Possibly he had more worldly thoughts than were his wont and drew a half unconscious parallel between the hero of the drama and himself and made a transient reflection on the fate that follows vice. Then looking back on his life afterwards with his long years of fruitful spiritual self-culture as a priest and a Passionist, he projected himself into the past with far other feelings than those with which he had lived it, and gave insignificant events a colouring and an importance which they had never assumed in reality. At any rate there is no sign in his immediately subsequent life that the opera referred to had made any serious impression on him; and we think that the argument deduced from the words of his autobiography for the religious efficacy of the drama in general or the play at present in controversy will hardly bear serious examination.

A Sister's Lie.

BY LEO.

ONE glorious morning early in September a young man was standing alone on a balcony outside the ward of a great Manchester hospital, all unconscious of the nurse who stood at the open window, a decided look of admiration shining in her eyes.

Laurence Vaughan had just recovered after a serious and painful operation, and was about to take up the duties of life once more. It was with no great pleasure that he regarded the prospect: for among the cares of his life was one which he had found at times very galling.

He was to leave the hospital at half-past one, and his sister Alice would meet him at the gates: and—well, Alice was his cross.

Brother and sister were both fervent Catholics; but it would be hard to find two greater contrasts in character. While Alice

would spend hours in church at prayer, when it would perhaps have been better had she been attending to her household duties, Laurence believed in the truth that work faithfully done and with a good intention counts as prayer. His sister was fond of her own ease and comfort, was selfish and jealous, good-tempered enough when things went as she wished, but irritable and given to sulks when her own will was crossed. If she was not lazy, she was at least not fond of work and apt to do things in a half-hearted and perfunctory manner. Laurence, on the contrary, was seldom idle, cheerful under difficulties, and though beaten in the battle of life to-day, was ever ready to face it with a smile on the morrow. Faults he had, of course,—as who has not?—but perhaps the worst weakness he could be reproached with was that he too easily gave way to the selfish whims of his sister rather than risk a “scene.” Meekness is all very well, but a man is none the worse for



‘So, now what are we to do? Starve, I suppose.’

showing a little righteous anger at times: and Laurence was destined to pay heavily for his compliant humour.

They were orphans, these two; and Alice, who was her brother's senior by six years, ruled him absolutely.

Her one dread had always been that he might marry, and, instead of supporting her, leave her to work for her own living. Consequently she had taken care to nip in the bud any friendship that Laurence contracted which seemed to threaten that consummation, and on more than one occasion had done this in a way that taxed even his patience to the utmost.

While in hospital, Laurence Vaughan had won the respect and admiration of both doctors and nurses by his cheerfulness and his bright, indomitable spirit. Nurse French had been especially attracted by him, and had admired the religious fervour with which he had prepared for the death that seemed

so near him a few weeks before. Her Protestant prejudices had received a rude shock on coming in contact with his strong Catholic faith, and ever since the night she had seen the joy that lighted up his face after his reception of the last Sacraments she had longed to know the secret of it.

Presently passing out on to the balcony she went over to him, saying, "Come, Mr. Vaughan, it is nearly time for breakfast, and I must take this opportunity of wishing you good-bye, for I am just going off duty."

"All right, nurse," he answered, with a bright smile, "I am quite ready for breakfast: but, before we go in, let me thank you for all your kindness to me while I have been here. You have been a brick, and I am truly grateful. Will you accept this as a little token of my gratitude?" And he held out to her a small silver medal of Our Lady.

"Thank you, Mr. Vaughan. Yes, I shall always keep it and value it, for I owe much to you and have learned much from you. You have taught me to understand things. Thank you."

The clock in the central tower was just chiming the half-hour as Laurence Vaughan passed through the big gates, and joined his sister who was awaiting his coming with some impatience.

"So you have come at last, have you? I had begun to think that perhaps you had made up your mind to stop another day!"

"Why, Alice, dear, it's only just gone the half-hour. Have you been waiting long?"

"Oh, no, not long: besides what would it matter if I had? I suppose it's nothing to you that your sister has been alone all these weeks, and I've no doubt that you're sorry to come even now. When are you calling to see the nurses again?"

"For goodness sake, Alice, don't talk rubbish; you know very well how glad I am to be out and able to work for you again."

"Oh, yes; you're very anxious about me! If only you had minded your own business and not bothered about other people's children, you would never have met that accident; and if only you had come out yesterday, there wouldn't have been this other——"

"This other what? Alice, dear, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, only that you have lost your situation, that's all! A message came down from the office yesterday saying they were very sorry, but they couldn't keep the position open any longer, and had been compelled to appoint some one else in your place. So, now, what are we to do? Starve, I suppose? There's nothing but trouble!"

Laurence Vaughan's face went pale; everything around him seemed blurred, and he felt the need of clutching something for support. However, pulling himself together, he said gently: "Never mind, Alice; don't you worry. God never closes one door but He opens another. I'll get something soon; you'll see it will be all right."

But seven weeks passed and still he had not succeeded in obtaining a new post, and he and his sister were feeling the keen pinch of poverty.

One afternoon, however, he returned home earlier than usual and informed Alice that he had obtained a position as representative for a firm of Advertising Contractors, and was to proceed to Leeds the following day for the purpose of working up the district assigned to him.

"So, Alice," he said, "we will wait a few weeks, and then, if I am successful and the situation proves permanent, I can send for you."

"But, surely," she replied, "you are not going to-morrow. Have you forgotten what day it is—my birth-day?"

"No, Alice, I have not forgotten, but it can't be helped. I am to be there to-morrow, and they have advanced my fare; so I must go."

And while his sister settled herself in the easy chair and, having indulged in a fit of weeping, sulked the rest of the evening, Laurence busied himself in preparing for the morrow's journey. In the morning, in spite of Alice's tears and temper, Laurence started on his journey, and, arriving at Leeds, threw himself heart and soul into his work, to such purpose that in a month he was able to fulfil his promise of sending for his sister. A few days later she arrived, and, being pleased with her new home, seemed for once contented and happy.

She would have been less happy had she known that her brother was even now in process of contracting one of those tender ties which she so much dreaded for him. Agnes Reynolds, whom he had met at the house of a newly-formed acquaintance, was not by any means a pretty girl, but there was an expression of intense sweetness in her pure, open face, and a look of innocence and trust in her bright blue eyes, that attracted him as he had never been attracted before. It was a face of rare goodness, truly, but also one which beamed with sense and intelligence as well as goodness. And the first time Laurence gazed on her he felt something in his heart which he had never yet experienced, a thrill strange and sweet to him though not unmingled with pain, and as he held her hand in his to bid good-bye he found himself detaining it a few moments more than was absolutely necessary.

During the week that passed before their next meeting he could not put her out of his thoughts. Reason as he would, it was of no use. He tried to laugh at the thought of his being in love. He wondered what Alice would think of it. But no: he remembered the disparity of their ages—for while he was thirty-five, Agnes could scarcely be much out of her teens. And, supposing he loved her and was free to marry her, what warrant had he for thinking that she could care for one so much older than herself. He told himself that he was an arrant fool; and resolving to see as little of her as he possibly could, he religiously avoided going where he thought he was at all likely to meet her.

But he became moody and *distract*, and one evening, as he sat at home, an open book on his knee but his eyes fixed on the fire, Alice, little guessing the cause of his abstraction, looked up from the novel she was reading and said: "Laurence, is anything the matter?"

"No, Alice," he replied, starting out of his reverie, "I don't know why I am such a dull companion to-night. I confess I feel a bit out of sorts, but that's all."

"Well, why not go to the theatre? You said last week you would like to see 'The Arcadians,' and as Miss Bertram is coming to see me, I don't see why you shouldn't go to-night, for I know you don't like her. Indeed I suppose the fact that I do is sufficient reason for you not to. Besides it would take you out of yourself and liven you up a bit."

"All right, Alice, I think I will, if you are sure you really don't mind."

And putting on his hat and overcoat he went out.

He was treading the streets leading to the theatre, when on turning a corner, he overtook a young girl going in the same direction.

It was Agnes, and as she was going to the library, which was in the same street as the theatre, they walked along together, talking of the authors they had read, and pleased to find they had so many tastes in common. They were so deeply interested in their conversation, that having reached the library, they stood outside for a considerable time, and it was not until a church clock close by struck eight that Laurence recollected the theatre.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I guess I am too late for the theatre now, for I hate going in after the play is started. May I wait while you change your book and then walk back again with you?"

"Yes, of course you may, if you don't mind. I shall be very pleased. I shall not keep you waiting long."

And with a smile that sent the blood tingling through his veins, she turned and entered the library; while he walked slowly up and down, thinking how different life would be for him if only he could win her love, and wondering if such happiness were possible. Then he thought of Alice and broke into a quiet laugh, as he pictured the look on her face could she but see him at that moment and know all.

In a few minutes Agnes came out again, and together they slowly retraced their steps. Indeed they made their walk somewhat longer than it need have been by more than one pleasant detour, and when they parted at Agnes's home these two hearts understood each other. That walk was an earthly paradise for Laurence; but no earthly paradise is without its serpent, and it was also for him the beginning of trouble. Though he stayed out late enough to evade the awkwardness of explaining an early return, his strategical delay was not to avail.

A week later Annie Bertram called again on his sister, and, during a lull in the conversation, suddenly asked:

"Is your brother in love, Alice?"

"Laurence in love? No, indeed: why, whatever makes you ask such a question?"

"Well, because he was out walking with Agnes Reynolds on Monday evening. Mary Bryant saw them in Park Road, and they seemed——"

"Mary is very much mistaken, then, for Laurence was at the theatre that evening. He went to see 'The Arcadians.' I thought I told you so."

"Yes, dear, you did; but it is you who are mistaken, I think, for Mary is quite positive it was he. Besides I met them myself this evening as I was coming here. They did not see



Alice was careful to keep the conversation entirely to particulars of the situation.

me, indeed they seemed too deeply engrossed in their conversation to see anyone. But it was positively they, for I passed quite close to them."

"Oh! but it is absurdly ridiculous. Why she is years too young for him, a mere child, while he is thirty-five. I really cannot believe he would be guilty of such folly."

"Yes, she is certainly young, but a dear, sensible girl: the kind of girl there are few of these days. And Lawrence is not old. Indeed I couldn't help thinking what an ideal couple they looked. So if there is anything in it, I for one hope they will be happy."

Soon after Annie Bertram took her departure, leaving Alice in anything but good humour, and when presently Laurence returned, his sister was quick to notice the look of intense happiness in his face. That look goaded her to fury, and

there followed a scene painful and distressing in the extreme.

Laurence listened patiently to Alice's bitter outburst, and when at last, through sheer exhaustion she subsided into momentary silence, instead of showing the meek submission she expected, he spoke quietly but firmly:

"Yes, Alice, what you have heard is perfectly true. I didn't go to the theatre on Monday night for I unexpectedly met Agnes, and——"

"Oh! so it's come to Agnes already, has it? I must say you don't let the grass grow under your feet, but I tell you——"

"Don't interrupt me, Alice; you have had your say, and hear me out. As I say I did not go to the theatre, because I met Agnes and went for a short stroll with her. It is also true that I have been for a walk with her again this evening. But it is unjust and untrue to accuse me of lies and deception. As you know, I meant to go to the theatre, and if I did not mention the fact of my not having gone I had a right to please myself on that point. Besides you had gone to your room when I returned, and you have not since asked me any questions about the play. Then you know how you have acted in years gone by when you thought there was danger of my falling in love, and you can hardly be surprised if I did not feel inclined to make you my confidant in such a matter. Now, please, understand I will brook no further interference of that kind. As far as Agnes is concerned, I am not only not ashamed, but proud to admit that I love her very dearly. And if I can win her love I mean to do so. That is all I have to say, so we will please let the matter drop."

And without another word he quietly turned and left the room.

Alice was entirely taken aback. It was so unlike Laurence. She felt her power over him was gone. His love for this girl seemed to have transformed him. The look of quiet determination in his face as he spoke convinced her that it would be madness to try to thwart him openly. She must find some other means of accomplishing her end—but how?

A few evenings later Laurence and she were alone. They had just finished tea, and he, having pushed back his chair and lighted his pipe, was glancing through the evening paper.

Alice looked at him furtively from time to time, and presently, when he laid aside the paper, said:

"Are you engaged to that girl yet, Laurence?"

"Engaged to Agnes? No, Alice. I have not even spoken to her of love at all, and don't intend to until after my return from Scotland. But I have reason to hope that she cares for me. However, we have not known each other long, and I think it would be unjust to seek to bind her by an engagement so soon. There is plenty of time."

"You have really made up your mind to marry her, then?"

"Yes, if I can win her love. Why?"

"Well, because, that being so, you will naturally want to save money to provide a cage for your bird; and I don't want

to be a drain on your purse. So the fact is, I have decided to take a situation, as you are going to Scotland for the firm. As well now as later on. Indeed I have already called on the Rev. Mother at the Convent and asked her help in the matter. She was most kind, and, as it happened, knew of the very thing I wanted, a companionship to a lady, and I am expecting Sister Monica here this evening to give me definite information about it. For I will certainly not have it said that I am a burden on you."

"You know that I have never considered you a burden, Alice, and there is no mortal need to be in such a hurry. Even if Agnes and her parents consent, we can't be married for a long time yet, perhaps a year or two."

"That is as it may be, Laurence. At any rate, I have made up my mind, and doubtless shall be happier in a situation. Ah! there is the bell. I expect it will be Sister Monica."

A moment later two nuns entered the room.

Rising from her chair, Alice greeted the sisters warmly; then, turning to her brother, said:

"This is my husband, Sisters: Laurence, Sister Monica and Sister Angela."

"Alice, my dear, brother you mean," he was going to say; but before he could get the words out Alice went on—

"I have told my husband, Sister, and he is perfectly willing for me to do as I please, so of course I am ready to take up the position as soon as the lady wishes." And she gave Laurence a look which effectually silenced him.

At the words, "This is my husband," Laurence had been intensely amused, thinking his sister had unwittingly made a slip, but when she again so pointedly referred to him as her husband he was sorely perplexed and utterly at a loss what to say or do. It was certainly an awkward position, for it was clear that Alice had done it intentionally, and he felt that he could not make a liar of her: so there was nothing to do but quietly acquiesce and await explanations. Alice was careful to keep the conversation entirely to particulars of the situation, and when the Sisters rose to go, Laurence knew not what to say as they wished him a prosperous journey, and assured him he would have no cause to worry about his dear wife who would feel quite at home with the good lady she was to serve.

Alice accompanied them to the door. Presently she returned to the room, and, settling herself comfortably in an easy chair, said:

"Well, and how do you like the Sisters, Laurence? Are they not exceedingly nice? For myself, I think I like Sister Monica best, she is so very sympathetic."

"Oh, the Sisters are all right, but what in the world did you mean by introducing me as your husband?"

"Because, my dear brother, it suited me to do so."

"But it was terribly wrong, for it was a deliberate and utterly unnecessary lie."

"Yes, I suppose it was a lie, but, as it happens, a very necessary one. The fact is, my dear boy, that Mrs. Waller did not wish to engage a single woman: she preferred a widow, but hearing that 'my husband' was going away for some months, she was quite satisfied to engage me for the time being. And you have no reason to care, for you won't see anything of her: besides it would have been very foolish of me to stand in my own light. Why, it might be months before I got such a chance again."

"And what if it were months? You know there is no immediate necessity for you to take a situation."

"Don't talk nonsense, Laurence, you are just making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Besides it's done now and we will have to stick to it. And, after all, the lie is mine, so I don't see that you need care: you won't have to answer for my sins, you know."

"No, but I am forced to act the lie, so it comes to the same thing. What about your letters? I can't address them to you as Miss: it will have to be Mrs. Vaughan, and consequently a repetition of this most despicable lie every time I write to you. Then this Mrs. Waller is sure to talk to you of your supposed husband, and that can only end in your having to tell scores of falsehoods to back up the first. Don't do this thing, Alice. Give up the situation and tell the Sister the truth: as you say, she is very sympathetic, and she will understand and pardon the deception. Or if you don't like to do it yourself, I will go and explain and tell her how sorry you are."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Laurence, and you must be mad to think of such a thing. Leave it to me. I have no doubt I can manage well enough without telling too many lies."

And although Laurence Vaughan strove hard to dissuade his sister from the course she had taken, Alice remained obdurate, and eventually he weakly yielded, perhaps from old habit, to her humour. And when at last he put on his hat and went out for a stroll, Alice lay back in her chair, a satisfied smile of triumph on her face.

"Marry that girl in a year or two, will he? I *don't* think so. Oh! how nicely he thought he was going to manage everything, but I think he will find that Alice is one too many for him. As for the girl, doubtless she'll find someone else."

(*To be continued.*)

The Cry of the Spirit.

The soul within me is wise,
 For my soul is the spirit of God—
 And the spirit of God is wise.

And my soul hath taught me this:
 Thy body is but a clod—
 A clod of the slimy earth
 That God—in a moment of mirth—
 Fashioned and blew into space,
 With a wonderful, wistful kiss
 And a wise, mysterious smile,
 To circle before His Face
 And please Him a little while.

So I cry—Dream not of Time,
 Dream not of years to be;
 But while in thy manhood's prime,
 Dream of Eternity!

And he who dreams in this wise
 Shall hear his soul cry this:
 Thy body is but a clod,
 A clod of the slimy earth
 That God—in a moment of mirth—
 Fashioned and blew into space,
 With a wonderful, wistful kiss,
 And a wise, mysterious smile,
 To circle before His Face
 And please Him a little while—
 And, ah—such a little while.

PATRICK BERNARD GREGORY.

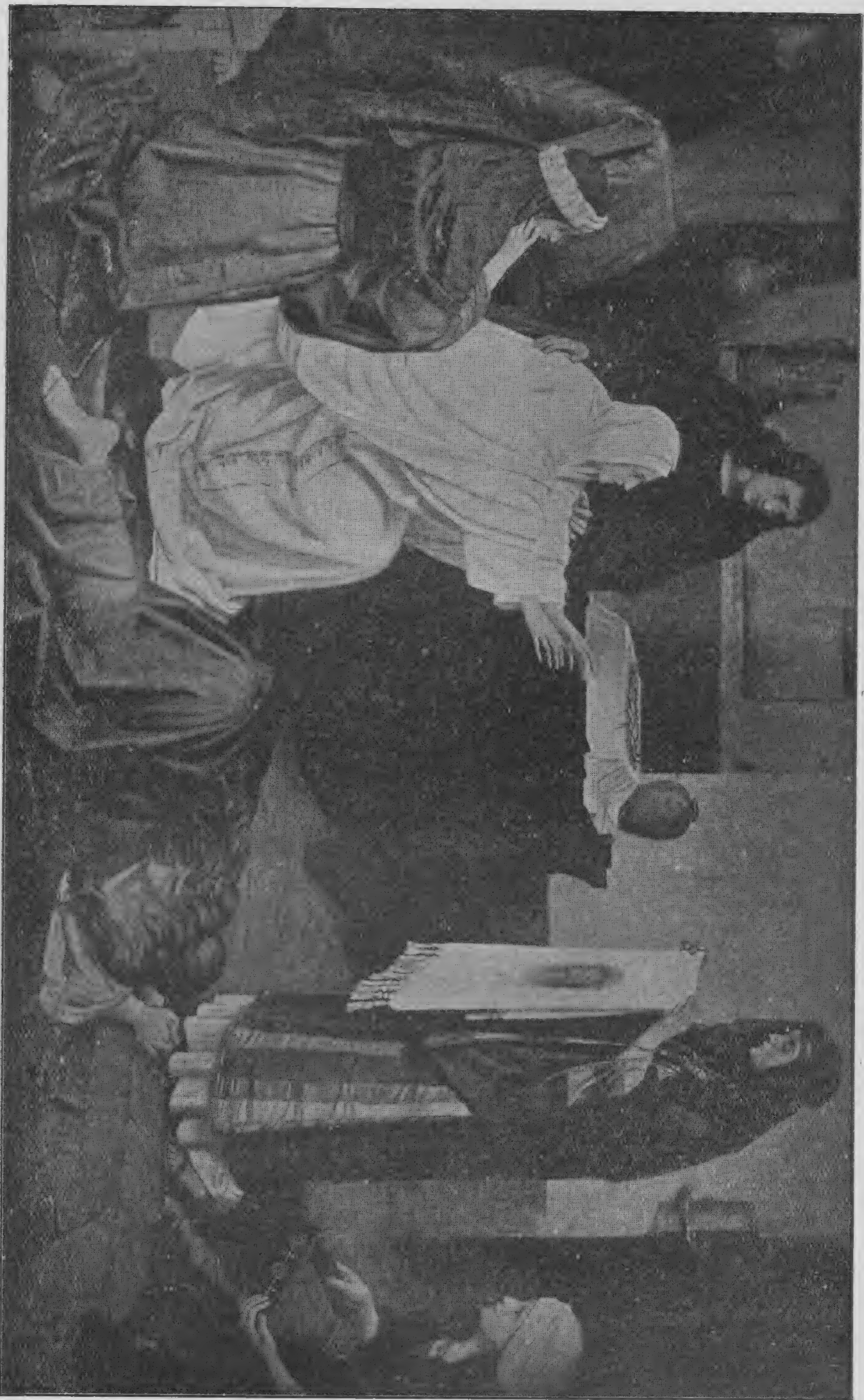
The Appeal of the Cross.

SELF-DENIAL is an invariable condition of human progress on whatever lines we regard it, as selfishness is of retrogression and decay. A man must give up what is of less account to receive what is of greater. Present loss is the condition of future gain. What is of real worth can neither be acquired nor bestowed without sacrifice. This great principle holds good in the moral, as in the social and physical orders.

Our Blessed Saviour did not introduce anything strange or arbitrary when He made self-denial the basis of Christian life. All ethical systems recognise its necessity. But He did more. He gave not only a lofty standard of morality that involved much self-denial, but He furnished the most inspiring motives and effective means of following it. His religion is not a dead letter of law, but an animating principle of life. He appealed primarily to men's hearts and drew them by the force of Love. The failure of all other moral systems to elevate man is due to the fact that they do not deeply touch his heart, the seat and centre of moral life. The motives they assign for the practice of virtue are too shadowy and intangible to arouse enthusiasm. Man will not give himself away for an uncertainty, nor make a sacrifice for an abstraction, although he will be prepared to go to any length for a cause or a person to whom he is passionately attached. The best that is in man's nature has not been reached through his intellect, but through his heart. We have as instinctive an aversion to formal machine-made goodness as we have to him who greets us with the everlasting mechanical smile. We like to see—even as Our Lord himself did—the spontaneous play of the heart-strings manifesting itself unaffectedly, rather than the studied and regulated correctness of the extremely “proper and respectable person”:

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection—no more.

In Christian life self-denial is founded on and motivated by Love. Love is its source and its measure. The Gospel narrative shows how Our Lord first drew the people around Him by His wondrous acts of compassion. He gave them sensible token that He came to cure and heal and strengthen men. They listened with rapture to the good news. The music of that blessed voice fascinated them. No man had ever spoken to them as He had. They followed him in crowds wherever He went. They would have made Him King, they would have done anything for Him. In the height and fire of their enthusiasm He made no claim upon them; He would not catch anyone, as it were, by craft, but having made good His claims on their entire trust and love, and having allowed the heat of their first fervour to subside, He plainly and gravely told them: “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me.” This hard saying damped the



GOOD FRIDAY EVENING

ardour of many—as it has done ever since—and they walked no more with Him. Their hearts failed them at the prospect, for they had not trust enough, that although the condition of discipleship *looked* severe, He would fulfil His pledge and make the yoke easy for them and the burden light.

Self-denial is of little or nothing worth unless it is informed by Love. The Pharisees of Our Lord's time—a type that has never become wholly extinct among men—practised severe exercises of fasting and prayer, but their long devotions were not more native of their hearts than their broad phylacteries. They observed them primarily to keep the higher places in the synagogue to which they were raised for their reputed piety and propriety. They watched one another with vulpine eyes through jealousy, each fearing for himself lest he should be outdone in piety by another, and drew deep breaths of self-satisfaction if they found one of their sleek and sanctimonious fraternity absent from his place at the sixth or ninth hour. For all their religion and their respectable decorum the very sight of them provoked the Master to awful indignation. Their religion was of no avail, it only hardened their hearts and contracted them in the folds of their miserable selfishness.

Our Blessed Saviour stated the whole of the New Law in terms of Love—Love of God, and of the neighbour for God's sake. He would disclose to men's wondering eyes the greatness and depth of the heart of their Father, and thus draw them out of what seemed the impregnable fortress of their selfishness, not towards a sickly and vapid sentimentality, but to a deep, strong and tender love that would find expression in deeds involving sacrifice. It is easy to see from this, that self-denial is not an end in itself, and likewise that what often goes by the name of religion, the observance of certain dainty and fashionable formalities, to the neglect of what is vital and essential, is unreal and worthless. It has little influence on life or conduct. It may indeed soften and restrain the ferocity of the tiger, but only leaves a wider field for the antics of the ape.

Our Lord came "to cast fire on the earth," that is, to inflame man's heart with Love that like fire would consume the rubbish of its selfishness, and bring out and refine the precious metal beneath. He would reveal the *heart* of God appealing to the *heart* of man.

Of the other perfections of the Divine nature man can learn a good deal from the world around him; but of Divine Love he can find there scarcely any indications. The characters of awful Majesty and Power and Intelligence are writ large over all creation, and as he learns to read them his spirit is overshadowed by wonder and awe and fear. Science with all its amazing discoveries leaves his heart untouched. He longs for bread and it gives him but a stone. It tells him of the stupendous vastness of the universe, of the Titanic powers and hard unpitying laws of nature, but his heart shrinks within him. He feels himself out in the cold. It is true that the Almighty had spoken of old: "Verily I have loved thee with

an everlasting love," and in the deep music of these pathetic words man's restless heart might find a stay and comfort. But he hankers still after an expression of Love that he can see with his eyes, and understand in his own human way, and this is what has been given to him in the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ.

To endure suffering for another's sake is the most genuine testimony of affection that we know. Man has learned to suspect the protestations of devotion and friendship that end in words. They may be genuine enough so far as they go, but they are as often as not, merely the effect of a passing emotion, shallow and transitory; they have not unfrequently turned out to be but calculating flattery, and in one instance at least, and that in Our Lord's own experience, they were, alas—the mask of treachery. Let a man put himself about for his friend and we shall regard him; let him suffer for him and we shall honour him; but let him die for his friend's sake and we shall immortalize him.

Sacrifice is thus justly and universally considered both the measure and the test of the love of man for man. It is the surrender of self, the giving away of self, that creates all the beauty and pathos and romance of love.

Through suffering and sacrifice then the Son of God would graciously come to reveal the wondrous depths of His everlasting Love for men. This is the imperishable glory of His Passion, in which He made His Sacred Humanity the Victim of his Love. He gave Himself over to endure all the physical and mental sufferings that His most perfect and sensitive Humanity could bear. Although He suffered to atone for our transgressions, and was by the hands of His own creatures bound and scourged and put to death, Love was the real sacrifice, for "He was offered because it was His own will." In the garden of Olives His mighty Love laid hold of its Victim and crushed Him in its arms, like a wine press. It crushed Him even unto blood. Then He allowed the full force of the heavenly fire to fall upon and consume Him. It racked and strained His every nerve and muscle. It tore through His body and seethed through His brain. The lambent flames laid bare His bones and dried Him up like a potsherd. His Heart was melted within him like wax. Its fiery arrows pierced His hands and feet, fastened Him on the gibbet, and kept Him there until all was consummated. It devoured His beauty, His reputation and His strength, so that all that passed by "gaped upon Him with their mouths, and laughed Him to scorn." It rent His Mother's heart in twain. It looked about to see if anything remained, and finding nothing, sent forth His spirit with a loud cry of victory, and to mark its triumph, with one great reverberating stab it transfixed His Heart, and gathering itself around the pale figure of its Victim, Love the Conqueror speaks through His opened Heart to the heart of everyone who passes by: "O all ye who pass by the way; attend and see if there be Love like unto my Love. I have loved you with an everlasting Love."

I read somewhere lately that in the great church of Constantinople dedicated to St. Sophia or Eternal Wisdom by the Emperor Justinian, a splendid mosaic of Our Lord was set in the dome of the apse over the great altar. There it remained for centuries looking down on the generations of worshippers. When the fierce hosts of Islam took the city, the church was converted into a Mohammedan mosque, and the Turks covered the glorious image of the Saviour with thick paint. But in the course of time the imperishable mosaic gradually worked its way out through the veil, and once again the venerable face of Jesus appears above in all its freshness, looking upon those below and inviting them to come to Him. And thus in the world at large has it ever been since that day of which He foretold, "If I be lifted up I shall draw all to myself."

Through the clouds of selfishness and sin with which man has tried to obscure the face of the Crucified, His heavenly light shines and makes its appeal to men. He ever stands over against their hearts and wills inviting them to open and admit Him. He only asks them to look into His face and consider His claims on their love and loyalty.

Through the marvellous revelation of His infinite Love made in His sufferings, He has drawn countless numbers out of their selfishness to heights of heroism and self-sacrifice that amaze the non-Christian world. By that wonderful disclosure, as even Goethe confesses, mankind has reached a height from which it can never descend. His Love, which gave all for men, has been responded to by numbers of men and women who give all for Him: these are His Saints, of whom it can be most truly said:

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the strings
with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out
of sight.

Even in this selfish, pleasure-seeking age the wonderful power of the Crucified draws away numbers of young people to give up all that life promises, and devote themselves for the sake of Him who loved them to the service of suffering humanity.

The Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ is the heart and life-blood of Christian life. It is the only power of salvation for man. It is the only moral force that, like a lever, raises man out of the selfishness, that is ruining him physically, socially, and morally. When the reformers of the sixteenth century tore down the venerable image of the Crucified from its place of honour in the churches, they robbed the peoples of that which silently but effectually taught them self-denial and self-restraint, taught the rich to be just and generous to the poor, the master to provide sustenance and comfort for the servant, the employer that he had a sacred duty to the workman, and taught all men the primary Christian virtue of helping one

another for His sake Who is the Saviour of all, in Whom all are no longer strangers but brethren. As a result, we live to witness the elements of society engaged in a fierce internecine strife. Yet the Catholic Church is supremely optimistic, for although the clouds of selfishness that obscure the face of Jesus are dark and lowering, there are hopeful signs that the worst is over, and that as men have failed to find a way out of their difficulties without Him, they will now begin to look to Him for help and call upon His name.

Meanwhile the duty of all who believe in His revelation is clear. The Infinite Love of Jesus Christ so wonderfully manifested in His Passion constantly appeals to every human heart, to submit itself to His sweet yoke. He asks that men should look upon His face and be assured that His Love ever follows them, and has resources to lift them up from even the lowest depths of selfishness and sin, power to break the iron fetters of the most inveterate habit of evil, and light and comfort and succour for them in the direst emergencies of this life of suffering. It transformed the fierce persecutor of the infant Church into the most enthusiastic and zealous of the Apostles, the dying robber into a saintly penitent, and the timid Roman maiden of thirteen into a glorious heroine. One can understand to some extent what effect the Love of Jesus Crucified would have upon such a deep and passionate heart as that of St. Paul, and how in the might and power of its appeal, that heart of fire vibrated with such glowing enthusiasm that he could declare with truth that neither life nor death, neither tribulation nor distress, nor famine nor anything else upon the earth or above it could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

In due proportion and according to their capabilities, the Love of Jesus Christ dilates and elevates all hearts that love Him. People are often distressed and discouraged when they read of the heroism of the saints. But these mighty ones who are the glory of the Church, are set up rather to witness before the world to the marvellous power of the Passion, than to be exact models of what all men could attain to. Yet we are all of us the objects of the Infinite Love of Jesus Christ, and He does not ask us to outrun the measure of our grace and our powers. But His Love can be increased in every heart which seeks to love Him by *thinking* diligently on His Passion. It will make the sacrifices which He demands not only easy but delightful. It will reconcile us to such afflictions as He will be pleased to let fall upon us, and let us see that they are but the "shade of His hand outstretched caressingly." The difference between His sacrifice and our sacrifices is this: He gave Himself to death for us with no gain to Himself, and He only asks us to put away such things as prevent Him from giving us all that He would fain bestow.

STANISLAUS CURRAN.

The White Rosebud.

EVEN in the remote South African village the devotion of the nine Fridays was practised. Not till the mid-day Angelus did Father Ryan leave the confessional. As he knelt at the end of the church for a few moments he heard a footstep on the gravel outside: it stopped at the porch. Father Ryan turned round and saw a little girl of four or five. The child was a stranger to him, but he had seen her in the grounds adjoining the presbytery garden.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosebud," was the reply, and she added, "Nurse fell asleep, so I got through the hedge in your garden and comed here."

"Will mother not be anxious about you?"

The pretty little face clouded as she said, "Mother died when we were in the other house, and I's so lonely." And the dark eyes filled with tears, and the rosy lips quivered piteously.

Father Ryan hastily turned the conversation by suggesting she should dine with him. The invitation was gracefully declined: she would rather stay where she was.

"Who is that?" said Rosebud, pointing to the statue of the Sacred Heart.

"That is Jesus," was Father Ryan's reply. "Would you like to go nearer to Him?"

"Yes Jesus!" as if struck by the name. The priest raised her in his arms. Long and earnestly Rosebud looked at the statue.

"Why is He holding out His hand?" she whispered, after a long silence. "What does He want me to give Him?"

"He wants your heart," said Father Ryan; and, as the child looked puzzled, "He wants you to love Him so much that you will give Him whatever you love best."

"I love flowers best," Rosebud exclaimed. "I'll bring Jesus some!"

Then, pointing to the wounded Heart, she said:

"Who hurt Him? Oh, who hurt Him so sore?"

"The Jews did," said Father Ryan, wondering to what religion the child belonged.

Rosebud's answer enlightened and disconcerted him.

"Jews!" repeated the child. "Nurse says I'm a Jew, but oh! I didn't hurt Him really, I didn't, I didn't."

The thought distressed the child so dreadfully that Father Ryan assured her he believed her; then he thought it better to let the child go, saying it was time for them both to go.

"First let me kiss Him," she pleaded.

Father Ryan lifted her up to the level of the statue; the tiny arms were soon twined around the neck and the lips pressed against the open wound, and he heard her say, "Jesus, I love

you, and I am sorry for you, and you know *I* would not hurt you."

Outside the chapel Father Ryan said good-bye to his little visitor. That night as he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament he prayed with fervour for the conversion of the Jews and particularly Rosebud.

A few days after, passing along the hedge in his garden, he heard Rosebud calling him. She was at the gap with her arms laden with roses, and it was plain to see the poor little one had worked hard to gather them.

"These are for Jesus," she said, giving the roses to Father Ryan. "Do you think He will like them?"

The priest looked at them, and then at the child, and said, "I know one He would like better."

The little one beamed with smiles as she cried in delight, "I'se the little flower, 'cause I'se Rosebud."

Nurse's voice calling the child stopped the conversation, and Father Ryan walked to the church to lay the flowers at the shrine of the Sacred Heart. They were evidently culled by the child herself, for they bore the marks of a struggle and one snow-white bud was stained with blood. The priest singled it out and placed it at the foot of the statue, offering at the same time the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ that one day another Rosebud might find her way to those sacred feet. He little thought how literally his prayer would be heard.

Weeks passed by before Father Ryan saw Rosebud again. The daily visits of the doctor at the next house aroused his fears. On enquiring of the gardener, who was one of his congregation, he heard that the child had a bad attack of fever. On the following Friday—it was the "first Friday"—he stopped the gardener again to ask the latest news.

"There is little hope, Father," said the man; "and all night she was raving about somebody wanting her in the chapel; it is as much as they can do to keep her in bed. The housemaid told me she keeps saying, 'Jesus wants me,' but I think that must be a mistake, as they are Jews."

Father Ryan was determined to see the child that evening. After supper he hurried off to "Dene Grange," the name of Rosebud's home. There all was confusion; the child had got out of bed in nurse's absence, and could not be found. Father Ryan thought of the chapel, and instantly hastened thither. There he found the little white-robed figure nestling close to the feet of the statue of the Sacred Heart. One glance told the priest that life was almost over. There was no time to lose; he baptized the child. Then he called her by the familiar name and heard her gasp, "Jesus wants Rosebud." A slight shiver passed over her tiny frame, and Rosebud had gone to blossom for eternity in the garden of the Sacred Heart.

Father Ryan at the foot of his crucifix keeps in a little glass case a faded white rosebud, and as often as he sees it, there rises in his heart a prayer for the conversion of the Jews.



SAINT PATRICK.

Many a race,
 Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
 Shall cease from faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink
 Back to its native clay; but over thine
 God shall extend the shadow of His hand,
 And through the night of centuries teach to her
 In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
 Shall sound their glad deliverance.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A Passion Flower.*

GALILEO NICCOLINI.

VII.

THAT which distinguishes the Congregation of the Passion from every other religious institute in the Church is the obligation which its members take upon them to promote among the faithful a devotion to the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. To raise the Passion to its due place as a spiritual force in the lives of men is the vocation and the *raison d'être* of the Passionist. It would be little, therefore, to say that the Passion was a large factor in the spiritual formation of Galileo. It coloured his whole life. It *was* his life. Recognising to the full the sublimity and the importance of his vocation, he sought by every means to fill his mind and heart with that knowledge and love of Jesus Crucified which he was to instil into the souls of others. "For," he said, "how can we make Him known if we do not know Him, or loved if we do not love Him?" Therefore the Crucified was the constant subject of his meditations. But it was not alone by the exercise of formal meditation that he strove to familiarise himself with the features of the Man of Sorrows: his little note-books, with their pious hoard of sentiments on the subject, show with what diligence he had ransacked spiritual books dealing with it. So much of a proficient did he become in the knowledge of the Passion and the manner of fruitfully meditating on it, that his Master of Novices used frequently to call upon him in public chapter to give an account of his meditation so that the other novices might have a useful lesson in that difficult exercise. But the subject, being much in his heart at all times, was not long absent from his lips: he spoke of it frequently to his companions during recreation hours, he even made a resolution to lose no opportunity of doing so, and whenever he wrote a letter to his relatives in the world, the theme came unbidden to his pen. With what unction and tenderness he could treat it is evidenced by the notes he has left of the thoughts and affections that moved him during his meditations on the Passion.

And next to the Passion, those mysteries attracted him most which are most intimately connected with it. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the source of His Passion and the mirror in which all His sufferings are focussed, was an especial object of Galileo's devotion. Every day of his life was filled with acts of love, of mortification, of humility in honour of the Sacred Heart—acts which were parcelled out among the various exercises of the religious observance. For instance: "I will make five acts of love to the Sacred Heart of Jesus at every recital of the Divine Office, hiding myself in that burning furnace of love,

* Continued from October Number.

and invoking the most holy Mary to teach me to love the Sacred Heart. I will make as many acts of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the outrages and irreverences received from men, especially in the Blessed Sacrament," Again, "I will make five acts of mortification of the appetite at dinner and at supper: five acts of mortification of the senses at afternoon recreation, five at evening recreation, five at solitary walk, all to the honour and glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." The chaplet of the Sacred Heart he recited daily, and because time did not permit of his reciting it all at once, he used to say it as he walked to and from choir at the various acts of observance. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, the memorial of Christ's Passion, was no less fervent and tender. His preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion filled the days preceding and following its reception, as though he thought of nothing else. And day by day while occupied in his cell he turned his thoughts towards the tabernacle at least twenty times, each time making a spiritual Communion. He used also to do the like every time he passed before the church. By these means he grew daily in closeness of union with Christ Crucified, daily coming nearer the realisation of the high ideal he had set before himself when he wrote: "He who truly loves God ought to endeavour to conform his own affections to those of Jesus, so that of him may be said that which was said of St. Paul: *Cor Pauli Cor Christi*, the heart of Paul was the Heart of Christ."

One other devotion held a high place in his life—needless to say, for it was in special favour with all the Saints—devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. In this he imitated closely his prototype, Blessed Gabriel. He prepared for each of her many feasts by a novena or triduum during which he showed his tender love by some act of bodily mortification. The resolutions which he set down in his note-book with regard to the practice of virtue or the avoidance of faults were always prefaced by the words: "*Auspice Dei Genitricis*, under the protection of the Mother of God." And one of these resolutions is as follows: "One of the first graces I shall ask of Jesus Christ as often as I receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament will be that He may make me truly and sincerely devout to His Immaculate Mother." How much of his rapid progress in sanctity during his short life may be attributed to his devotion to her we can perhaps have some guess from the testimony of one of his companions: "Since his death I have always had a repugnance to pray for him, feeling a sort of certainty that he is already in heaven in the enjoyment of the vision of God and of his holy Mother, Mary, of whom he was certainly a faithful child."

It is little wonder that with such zealous use of these aids to holiness of life, novice though he was, he trod the path to perfection with giant strides and attained a mastery in the school of virtue that was the holy envy of his companions. It is perhaps significant that the virtues which showed most

prominently in his life were those which are fundamental and by which less enlightened souls are apt to set least store—obedience and humility. In the first days of his novitiate, even before he had yet donned the habit of the Passion, he had written among his resolutions: "To take advantage of the treasures contained in the virtue of obedience, so dear to Jesus Christ, by obeying simply, exactly, without delay, without useless interpretations, and without regarding the greater or less dignity of the superior who commands." His novice-master gives several instances of the perfection with which he kept this resolution. Let one suffice. One day as the master, in order to try the virtue of a novice, told him to do something which seemed quite unreasonable and indeed repugnant to anyone of ordinary feeling, Galileo, who was present, touched with pity for his companion, begged a dispensation for him, pointing out respectfully how difficult it would be to obey the command. The master replied: "I dispense him, but go and do it yourself." And Galileo, who had taken such pains for his companion, said not one word for himself but at once set about the task imposed, and would have performed it had not the order been immediately revoked. The good novice was not content with merely obeying the rule or fulfilling the duties laid upon him in the way that seemed to him most perfect, but always sought the advice of his superiors as to the means of doing so which would most tend to his own sanctification and to the glory of God. During portion of his novitiate he fell a victim to scrupulosity, but his prompt and perfect obedience to his spiritual director very soon freed him from this torment.

With the virtue of obedience goes hand in hand that of humility, and Galileo had an equal love for both. He had much that might have been matter of temptation for him in his excellent natural gifts and in the good use he had made of them. He had been accustomed to hear his praises sung in the world by his masters and companions, and he had perhaps not been averse from hearing them. Hence he regarded pride or vanity as his predominant passion and strove from the day of his entrance into religion to stifle every feeling of the kind in his soul. Thus we read such resolutions as these—"Never to say a word redounding to my own credit To accept gladly occasions of humiliation. To try always to appear good for nothing." And so well did he succeed that both the master of novices and Galileo's companions in the novitiate agree in saying that they had never perceived in him any indications of pride either in word or action, but on the contrary had been forced to admire his beautiful and simple humility. He set his face from the beginning against anything like praise; and one could not pain him more than to speak well of him in his presence. One who was appointed his companion at recreation or on the walks in the preparatory school, tells how, admiring some good quality or other of Galileo's, he had said some word of praise to him. Galileo replied in a tone of great severity: "It's forbidden to praise one's companions, and I shall tell Fr.

Director." Galileo was the first to go to the novitiate, but when later on his young friend arrived and was once more appointed his companion, he took the earliest opportunity of a conversation with him to remark: "Now remember, here it's against the rules to praise your companion."

(To be continued.)

The Welsh Rome of the Passionists.

CATHOLIC SURVIVALS IN WALES.

BY LAYMAN.

VII.

BY way of conclusion, let us touch briefly on a subject which could not be adequately treated without extending this article to an absurd length. What is here set down will apply to the neighbourhood of Carmarthen or almost any other part of rural Wales.

In no country on earth, we believe, have extreme Protestant sects succeeded more completely than in Wales in absorbing the native population. Certainly the small body of Catholics do not consist wholly of outsiders by birth or blood; for in most localities within easy reach of Catholic Missions there is a fair sprinkling of converts, and in a few corners of the Principality there are families—alas! not many—that have never lost the Faith. From one of these came Father Havard, who, in the early days of last century, used to trudge over the mountains, carrying his vestments on his back, to say Mass occasionally at Carmarthen and various other places, where half-a-dozen people, or sometimes more, awaited him in some old barn or storehouse.

The wholesale change of religion, however, and the combined efforts of the preachers of different sects have not succeeded in eradicating certain Catholic ideas and practices. On the day before these lines were written the Free Church Council at Barry, in Glamorganshire, met to denounce the practice of visiting the cemetery on "Flowering" (*i.e.*, Palm) Sunday to strew flowers on the graves of departed friends. So terrible was the evil that these enlightened gentlemen appointed a deputation to wait on the District Council with a view of having the centre gates locked on that day. This kind of "religious" agitation has been going on for many years without any tangible result. It might be supposed that this "flowering" practice is not peculiarly "Popish," but the Nonconformist leaders regard it as a downright abomination.

It is hardly to be supposed that the people retain a veneration for any particular saint, but many go—or lately went—

to this or that saint's well for water to cure certain diseases. At St. Govan's Well, in Pembrokeshire, a certain moist clay is found which, people believe, will cure complaints of the eyes. Carmarthen is in the parish of St. Peter, to whom the old parish church is dedicated, and most Carmarthen men, whatever their sect, or wherever they reside, are proud to be known by the name of "St. Peter's Boys."

When any member of a family dies it is the custom for the relations and neighbours, especially in the rural parts, to place lighted candles round the corpse, hold a prayer meeting, and sit up all night. Sometimes a little plate of salt is left resting on the breast of the deceased person. Salt, which was, no doubt, blessed in former times for this purpose, is always put into the new house when a family is removing. The rule is that the salt must go in before the furniture. In some districts a little bag of oatmeal is added. This method of making the new residence "lucky" is so thoroughly believed in that many, or most, Welsh people practise it in America and the other countries to which they have emigrated. There is a custom, formerly universal, and still faithfully observed in some districts, of sprinkling people with "New Year's water." Some youngsters go out early on New Year's morning, carrying a bowl of water and a sprig of yew. They enter the neighbours' houses unannounced, and sprinkle the inmates, sometimes before they have left their beds, all the time repeating a form of rhyme which is recognised as an essential part of the ceremony. There can be little doubt that we have here the remnant of an ancient pious practice in the observance of which holy water was used. Not long ago people were careful to light up their houses with numerous candles on Christmas Eve. One of the buns made for Good Friday use was, a generation or two ago, attached to the rafters or the ceiling in the belief that it would not only keep fresh during the year, but would also serve as a remedy for several ailments.

At the mansion of Nanteos, in Cardiganshire, there has been preserved since the Reformation time a wooden "cup" (an old chalice, no doubt) which came from the church of Strata Florida Abbey at the Dissolution, and which, according to popular tradition, was formed from the wood of the True Cross. Almost everyone in the district who fell ill used to send and borrow this cup, leaving a watch or some article of value in pledge for its safe return. It was confidently believed that the patient who took some food or drink out of it would have a chance of being miraculously healed, and a great proportion of those who used it averred that they were cured in an extraordinary manner. The "cup" was in great demand during the memory of people still living, and there need be little doubt that even now it is borrowed occasionally. Almost the same remark applies to the supposed skull of St. Teilo, which has been kept from time immemorial in a farmhouse close to the ancient ruined church of Llandilo (Llan-Teilo), in North Pembrokeshire. It is somewhat curious that the farmer bears

the strange name of Melchior. Visitors in search of a cure were accustomed to take the skull to the well of St. Teilo, in an adjoining field, and use it as a cup to drink some of the water therefrom. It was chiefly rheumatism, if we remember rightly, that was supposed to be cured in this way. Mr. Melchior says that hardly anyone but antiquaries have asked for the skull for some years past. In that case it seems a little strange that a rigid Protestant Nonconformist as he is, should still preserve the relic so carefully.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the use of the sign of the Cross were the two things which our sectaries found it hardest to root out, and in fact they have hardly got rid of them at the present hour. Mr. Llewelyn Williams, M.P. for the Carmarthen Boroughs, and a pronounced Nonconformist, described a year or two ago in one of the papers how he encountered an aged wanderer at Llanelly, who was singing a simple old hymn in Welsh, touching upon the different stages of Our Lord's Passion. At the end of each stanza the old man paused in his singing, and stooped to make a great cross on the ground with the end of his staff. Mr. Williams asked why he did his, but the venerable minstrel could not explain. He only knew that he was taught it like that in youth, and that everyone who sang these verses, as far as he knew, made a cross at the end of each.

Farm lads, and even boys in country towns like Carmarthen, have a habit of making the sign of the Cross on their foreheads, but this cannot be accounted an act of devotion at the present day. It is but a kind of oath to confirm the truth of a disputed statement. A rather intelligent youth of seventeen was once pressed by the writer to show exactly "how it was done." He stood up, put his thumb to his lips, and then drew it down and across his forehead, from the hair to the nose and from temple to temple, uttering at the same moment the words—evidently a well-established formula—"Iss, indeed; drop dead!" When asked why he had put his thumb to his lips, he replied:—"Oh, you must wet the finger you make the cross with, or you would not drop dead for telling a lie. Many fellows, when they are not telling the truth, try to cheat by wetting one finger and making the cross with another. But we mostly catch them." Can it be that this wetting of the finger represents the former usage of taking holy water when making the sign of the Cross?

The same youth was once asked what he and his young companions meant by their frequent repetition of a couplet in Welsh which, literally translated, is as follows:—"If you kill a robin or a wren you will never see the face of your mother." "Well," he answered, "I do not know why it speaks about a mother, but the boys always take it to mean that if we kill a robin or a wren we shall never go to heaven." Possibly an explanation of the allusion contained in this couplet may be found in the following statement, which occurs in an article lately contributed to the antiquarian column of a well-known

Welsh newspaper by Mr. Herbert Vaughan, author of "The Last of the Royal Stuarts" and other works, viz.:—"In parts of Scotland the wren is known as 'the Lady of Heaven's hen.'"

A crowned alabaster statue of the Madonna and Child was taken down from a niche above the entrance door of Kidwelly Church (fourteen miles from Carmarthen), only about forty years ago, by a puritanical vicar, who had discovered, to his horror, that the old people bowed to it as they came in. At that date no Kidwelly workman could be induced to touch the statue, and the Vicar himself had to force it out of the niche. His intention of burying it in the churchyard was strongly resented by the parishioners, and a later incumbent locked it up in a chest in the vestry. It is still fairly well preserved, in spite of ill-usage.

In the English-speaking district of South Pembrokeshire, not more than twenty-five years ago, there were old women who used to sing "The Joys of Mary," a sort of hymn, beginning,

The very first joy that Mary had
Was when her only Son, &c.

All over the country, until comparatively late times, people used to recite, the last thing before going to sleep, the "Breud-dwyd Mair" (Mary's Dream), a quaint poetic dialogue between Our Lady and the Divine Child, in which she tells Him of dreadful dreams or visions she has had of a thorny crown, cords, a cross, and so on. Her little Son reassures her, telling her that the vision is good, that everything will be ordered as He wills it; and so forth. The verses conclude with a promise that no one who recites them nightly before going to rest "shall ever tread the land of hell."

A band of fellows who may be called mummers, go round from house to house on New Year's or Twelfth night, carrying a horse's head draped, and singing a rhyme, "Mari Lwyd, lawen, &c." It is said that formerly there was a real horse, or ass, with someone in the saddle, representing the B.V.M. in the Flight into Egypt.

The late Father Carolan (R.I.P.), while in charge of the Carmarthen, was once returning from the Catholic school, which had that day been examined by H.M. Inspector, who was, of course, a Protestant. At his return the good Father told us: "The Inspector surprised me a good deal to-day by repeating a prayer to the Blessed Virgin which, he said, his mother taught him when he was very young. I asked if his mother had ever been a Catholic. He said no; she had been brought up a Wesleyan, but had been taught this hymn by the old people in her childhood, just as she taught it to him."

Now for a last word. It seems a pity to conclude without treating our "Protestant-Catholic" friends to a sample of the "Continuity" after which they are always pining. When a Welsh housewife, in the act of making bread, comes to the stage of putting in the yeast, she makes the sign of the Cross

in the flour. This was so common a practice in different parts of Wales ten or fifteen years ago that there is no great probability of its having yet fallen into disuse. A priest from Brittany, on being told of it lately, showed no surprise. To him it was an everyday affair. "Yes," he said, "women do that when making bread to make the yeast (*levain*) rise."

Now, here are two little nations, the Bretons and the Welsh, descended from the same stock. It is more than 1200 years since the ancestors of the Bretons separated from their brethren in Britain and crossed to Armorica under the guidance of Conan Meiriadoc. During all those long centuries there has been practically no communication between the two peoples—no communication at all in religious matters since early in the Saxon period of our history. We find, then, that over twelve centuries ago the common ancestors of the Welsh and Bretons practised a religion in which the sign of the Cross was so important an element, and so essential to the imparting of a blessing, that even food was not prepared without its use. If anyone chooses to believe that that common ancestral religion of the two peoples was Protestant or "Anglo-Catholic," or anything differing in its essence from the present "unreformed" religion of the Bretons—well, there is no more to be said only that we live in a free country.

[THE END.]

To the Mother of Sorrows.

Sweet Mother! how shall I express
Thy agony when Jesus died?
Or how, with fitting tenderness,
Picture my Saviour crucified?
Let me win knowledge at the Throne above
Of all the hidden deeps of grief and love!

How shall I bring, oh Virgin blest,
Before mine eyes thy gaze forlorn
When clasping to thy Mother's breast
His Form bereft of life and torn?
Make strong mine eyes, lest thy child's sight should fail
When thou reveal'st thy grief without its veil.

Oh, had I but 'neath Calvary
Wept with thee like the saints of old,
My heart not ignorant would be
Of divine agony! Unfold
No thoughts save warm and loving ones within,
My heart, that I this grace of Heaven may win.

MINNIE MORTIMER

Leaves from the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland.

XI.

An Early THE efforts made by Father Bernard to give the Faith a firm footing in Broadway were not
"Motor-Mission." allowed to pass without opposition, stirred up by the zealous parson of the day, and fanned by No Popery lectures and similar aids to bigotry. But the opposition was mild indeed compared with that manifested by the outlying villages when he essayed to bring them within the sphere of his apostolate. One of these, Buckland, prettily situated about a mile and a half from Broadway, is said to have been in old times the seat of a religious house the remains of which are still to be seen. Father Bernard's talks in Broadway had been the means of making at least one convert among the Buckland villagers—a Mr. Gibson—whose house was now placed at his disposal for a course of instructions on the truths of Faith to the people of Buckland. The instructions were given on the Monday evenings, and from the beginning attracted a large gathering, the room in which the audience met soon proving much too small, though it was the only place available. It was not long, of course, before the purpose of the priest's weekly visit became generally known—and then trouble began. Father Bernard's coming was watched for on the Monday evenings by a graceless crew of Bucklanders who serenaded him with hoots and yells and pelted him with mud and stones. He used on these occasions, as on other such missionary expeditions in the neighbourhood, a donkey and small spring-cart, and more than one attempt was made on winter nights to upset this humble conveyance. During his instructions, pandemonium reigned outside the house in which he spoke, the ineffectual discords perpetrated by the human voice divine being eked out by the music of tin kettles and so forth. Next door, too, on these nights, there were revels and junketting *galore*, music, if not of the "flute, violin, bassoon," at least of the violin, and the dancers dancing *out* of tune—for a reason. The missionary, it is said, could hardly hear his own voice sometimes. Once, in the midst of his lecture, the door was burst open and one of the revellers, wearing a sheep's head as mask and with hands and face besmeared with blood, offered him a pot of beer, accompanying the offer with expressions in keeping. In face of all this, Father Bernard persevered in his work with a patience and courage that amazes one. As time went on, he thought it advisable on account of the violence and the threats of which he was the object to form a bodyguard of the Catholics of Broadway to accompany and protect him on these expeditions. The bodyguard served its purpose very well, but it could not be

ubiquitous. One night as Father Bernard drove home followed by his escort a huge stone hurled from behind a hedge crashed against the badge of the Passion worn on his heart (he always travelled in the habit on these occasions). As a consequence, he had to spend the week in bed under the doctor's care: but the following Monday saw him at his post again. He was not a man easily intimidated: he might have said, like one greater than he, "I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life more precious than myself so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I received from the Lord Jesus." The instructions went on in spite of all opposition until, after some months, the landlord of the house in which they were given threatened his tenant, Mr. Gibson, with eviction unless they were discontinued under his roof. So, failing the hospitality of any other roof, they came to an abrupt end. This effort to evangelise Buckland was not altogether vain: some few converts were received as a result, among them the sexton of the parish church and five of his daughters.

About the same time Father Bernard was giving his attention to another village lying in an opposite direction, Childswickham. Here he had the same opposition to encounter, if possible in an exaggerated form, the same insults and threats, and the same attempts at personal violence, from which he was saved only by the young men who accompanied him. Sometimes he had great difficulty in restraining these from coming into open conflict with his assailants. At length, owing to the hostility of the people, and the savagery of the methods used to thwart him and to render his exertions futile, he was obliged to renounce the attempt to convert Childswickham: not, however, without having gathered a few ears from even that unproductive field. And the three or four persons whom he received into the Church were probably, to him, more than sufficient recompense for his endurance of the heat and burden of the day.

This brief record may serve to show some of the difficulties our Fathers had to contend with sixty years ago in their efforts to revive the Faith in England. Somewhat similar stories might be told of work in other places at that time. And their difficulties were not wholly with the poor ignorant people. While Father Bernard O'Loughlin was thus slaving in Broadway, and Father Ignatius Spencer and his brethren were managing a scattered mission as large as a diocese, north of London, a high ecclesiastical dignitary was comfortably writing a voluminous letter in which he speaks of them in terms none too flattering—the cause of his querulousness being apparently that he could not have them for missionary work without applying to the Provincial.

Thus, however, ended the first "motor-mission" given in the parish of Broadway—the motor being a humble donkey and cart. Things have improved since them, and perhaps, one of these days, the attempt will be repeated under more favourable conditions, with all the noise on the other side.

It was noticed soon after Father Bernard ceasing his campaign in these villages that several of their inhabitants met with

sudden deaths or other misfortunes, and it was noticed as a remarkable coincidence, which some called a judgment of Heaven, that those were the very persons who had made themselves most prominent in opposing his work.

Before leaving Father Bernard's work in **The Confraternity of the Passion** Broadway, it ought to be said that he seems to have been the first to start the Confraternity of the Passion in these countries. This

Confraternity, as is well known, enables people living in the world to become affiliated to the Passionist Order and partake of all its spiritual advantages by wearing the Black Scapular of the Passion and following certain simple rules. It had existed for many years in Italy, but the Italian rules brought over by Father Eugene Martorelli were deemed impracticable here. Father Bernard, by permission of the General, modified them very considerably and erected the Confraternity in Broadway—where, we are sure, the zeal of his successors has made it to grow and flourish exceedingly. This was all the more easy, of course, as there are perhaps fewer obligations attached to this Confraternity than to any other in the Church, while the spiritual advantages attached to it are immense: and devotion to the Passion is, as the Divine Sufferer meant it to be, of universal appeal. Hence the strong root this Confraternity has taken wherever the Passionists have founded a house or preached a mission. But to Father Bernard O'Loughlin is due the credit of having stripped it of rules that would have hindered rather than helped its power for good.

(To be continued.)

Father Bernard Silvestrelli. (Late General of the Passionists).



FR. BERNARD SILVESTRELLI.

THE Congregation of the Passion has suffered a severe loss by the recent death of one to whose faithful and prudent administration it is immensely indebted.

The Most Rev. Bernard Mary Silvestrelli was born of a noble and illustrious family in Rome on the 7th November, 1831. His early education was entrusted to the care of the Jesuit Fathers, in the Collegio Romano.

When, having completed his course of studies, in the full enjoyment of all that wealth and social standing afford, and when a career of distinction opened out before him, he turned his back upon the world, and determined to devote himself unreservedly to the service of God in religion. He chose the Congregation of the Passion as the one which corresponded best to the aspiration of his heart.

In 1854 he entered the Passionist Novitiate at Monte Argentaro, where he devoted himself with such fervour to the practice of the austerities of our rule, that very soon he experienced the sad consequences of his transit from a life of comfort and ease to another which is a continual sacrifice. His health gave way and he was obliged to abandon his term of probation; but so intense was his love for the austere life of a Passionist, and his anxiety to give himself to God in our Congregation, that he begged his superiors to allow him to remain in the devout solitude and seclusion of Argentaro.

His petition was granted, and he remained as a guest at the Retreat for about two years, during which he pursued his scholastic studies, and was raised to the priesthood in 1856 by Monsignor Molajoni, one of our Religious. By this time his health had sufficiently recuperated, and he was sent to our Retreat at Moravalle, where he had the pleasure of passing his year's probation in the company of that angelic youth, now known as Blessed Gabriel of our Lady of Sorrows. On the 28th April, 1857 (the feast of our Holy Founder, St. Paul of the Cross), he pronounced his vows.

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Rector of our Retreat, the Scala Santa, as well as Master of Novices, and there he composed that little book, "Regulations for the Novices," so familiar to every Passionist, wherein, with admirable simplicity and unction he treats of the solid principles of the religious life. In this same Retreat, on that memorable day, 17th September, 1870, he enjoyed the esteemed privilege of receiving the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., the last occasion on which the Holy Father was to leave the precincts of the Vatican; it was truly a touching sight, one which brought tears to the eyes of the bystanders, to witness His Holiness and Fr. Bernard ascend that Holy Stairs, purpled by the Precious Blood of our Divine Saviour, step by step, upon their knees, united in prayer.

As Provincial of the Presentation Province, Father Bernard was present at the Twenty-third General Chapter held in Rome on the 4th May, 1878. By the unanimous vote of the Chapter he was elected to the responsible office of General of the entire Congregation.

In 1884, despite his protestations of unworthiness, he was confirmed in his office. Four years afterwards feeling the burden of his duties well nigh intolerable, and saddened by the poverty-stricken state of so many of our houses, he petitioned the Holy See to be relieved of an office which had become almost insupportable. Pope Leo XIII., moved chiefly by his humility, granted his petition, and now, freed from all responsibility, he betook himself to a most sequestered Retreat to give himself entirely to prayer. But, this seclusion and retirement were not to last many years, for, in 1899, he was again placed in supreme command, and for the 5th and last time, in 1905, when stricken with old age, his health completely shattered, he was obliged to make another appeal to the Holy See, to be relieved of his office. Pope Pius X. granted his request in July, 1907, and the Holy Father, to manifest the high esteem he entertained towards the venerable old man, graciously bestowed upon him the title of "Honorary General of the Passionists," which he maintained to the end.

He passed his remaining days at the Retreat of St. Eutichius in prayer and meditation, and was called to his reward rather suddenly on 9th December, 1911.

The extension and development of our Congregation over Europe bears ample testimony to Fr. Bernard's zeal for the welfare of the charge committed to him for over a quarter of a century. Two new Provinces sprang into existence, one in the Argentine Republic, the other in Spain. Mexico was separated as a distinct province from the United States which, in turn, were divided into two provinces, and three Retreats were opened beneath the Southern Cross. Space will not permit me to speak of the many virtues which Fr. Bernard practised in an eminent degree. But I cannot pass over two instances that serve to bring out his extraordinary humility. He desired that the Golden

Jubilee of his priesthood should pass, like that of his profession, unnoticed. But, to his surprise and bewilderment, he received an autograph letter of congratulation from Pope Pius X. Having manifested his gratitude to His Holiness, he went to his confessor, and, with tears in his eyes, bewailed the fact that that day was not allowed to pass unobserved, as he had wished. Again, on many occasions, but especially during the last years of his office, rumours reached him of the intention of the Holy See to confer upon him the Cardinal's hat, and when, eventually, a high official of the Vatican came and announced the fact, so great was his confusion, that he went immediately to Viterbo, and besought the Provincial to use every means to avert what he himself styled a "calamity."

In a word, everyone who came in contact with Fr. Bernard went away fully persuaded that he was a saint, and it is the unanimous voice of all his Religious that our Congregation had, in him, another St. Paul of the Cross. That Almighty God may be pleased ere long to glorify his servant, and proclaim throughout the world the virtues and noble example of another Saint of the Crucified, is the ardent desire of those who had the pleasure of living with, and of knowing more intimately the true character of Fr. Bernard Mary of Jesus. R.I.P.

Provincial Jottings.

St. Saviour's, Broadway, Worcs.—

Two very successful concerts and entertainments were held in the schools during the month. In great measure the success was due to the energy and kindly enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. Pope and family, who had charge of the arrangements. These could not have been confided to better hands. Amongst the artistes who treated their audiences to two very pleasant evenings were:—Lady Agnes Noel, Mrs. R. R. Pope, Mrs. J. Fairchild, Mrs. Style, Miss Chadwick, Mr. A. F. de Navarro. The eminent composer and pianist, Miss Maud Valerie White, also lent her services—having come to Broadway specially for the concerts, and at great inconvenience. She is on the eve of departing for New York, to fulfil certain important engagements, wherein we heartily wish her every success.

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St. Joseph's, Highgate.—On Feb. 2nd Brother Hilarion celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his religious profession. To commemorate the occasion a concert was given in the schools, at which the jubilarian was presented with an illuminated address and purse of sovereigns. The



BRO. HILARION.

Very Rev. Fr. Malachy (Rector) and R. J. Sheehy, Esq. (Chairman of the Committee) spoke in eulogistic terms of the earnest and self-sacrificing work of Br. Hilarion, who replied in a short speech, in which he expressed his gratitude for the honour conferred upon him by his friends. The united choirs of St.

Aloysius' College and St. Joseph's Retreat, conducted by Mr. Seadon, rendered some very fine glees, and the items contributed by the Misses Mason and Walsh, Rev. Br. Edwin, and Mr. Fred Stewart were well received by an appreciative audience. Miss Helen Smyth kindly gave her services as accompanist, and the Misses Curd illuminated the address, which was much admired.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was delivered in the schools, on Feb. 1st, by Mr. Munich, of the Catholic Association, on the Passion Play. The lecture, which was illustrated by lime-light views, was given under the auspices of the local branch of the Catholic Federation.

Very Rev. Fr. Hilary gave the retreat to the religious at Broadway. Fr. Wilfrid and Fr. Herbert conducted the retreats in Harborne and Dublin, respectively. During the month Fr. Columban, of Harborne, and Fr. Herbert gave a very successful fortnight's mission at St. Alphonsus' beautiful new church in Liverpool.

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St. Mary's, Harborne.—We have great pleasure in announcing that the recent whist drive, of February 1st, was a big success, whilst a very enjoyable evening was spent. The substantial amount of £15 4s. 6d. was taken as the result of the evening's work. We thank all who

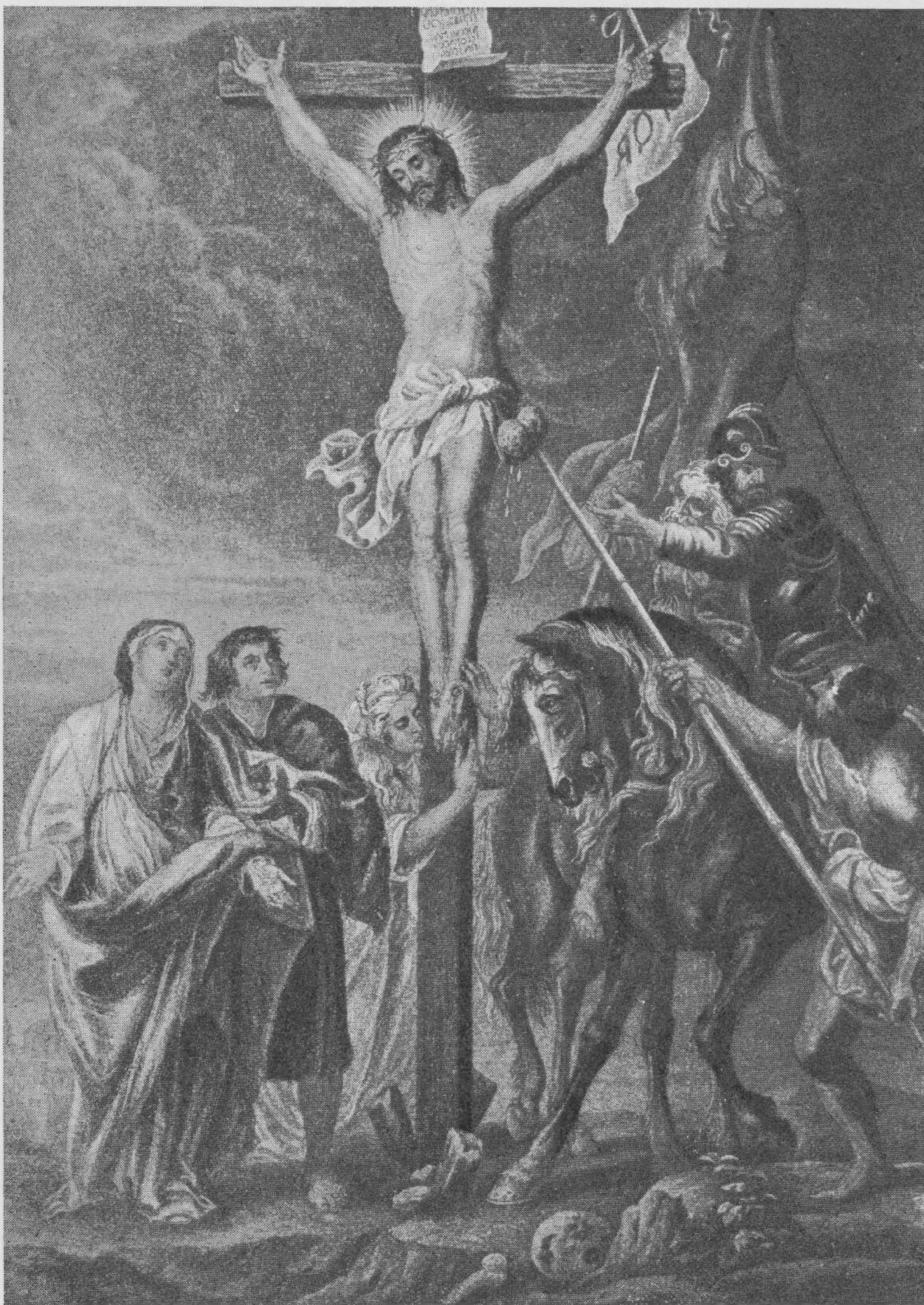
assisted and worked for this splendid result.

Financial pressure in relation to the new retreat and the demand of payment of a mortgage of £1,500 (part of the old debt on the place) have made us resolve to hold a Bazaar, whereby we hope, by the co-operation of our friends, to raise some funds, at least for the builders' claims. We therefore have decided to hold a Garden Fête and Fancy Fair, here in our grounds on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 13th, 14th, 15th of June next. We hope *all* our friends will do *something*, however small, to make it a success.

Big demands are being made on our small community here in the way of missions and supplies. Fr. Columban is at present giving a mission in Liverpool, and from there goes to Belfast, where also Fr. Bonaventure will be engaged on a three weeks' mission. Fr. Vicar is giving a three days' retreat to the Brothers of the Passion, beginning on Wednesday of Passion Week. Fr. Rector is giving a week's retreat at the Catholic Church in Bollington (Salop).

The Brothers of the Passion held their monthly meeting as usual, when Fr. Rector gave them an interesting address on "The Disappointments of the Passion." Fr. Martin also presided over and addressed the members of the Apostleship of Prayer at their monthly meeting.





THE CRUCIFIXION.

[*Vandyck.*